Rates of Advertising

One sauere, one insertion, sic subsequent fesertion,. asinoss and Editorial Notices, per line,... On . solumo, six months

alf column one year. -alf column, six months, ... 95 00 sif column, three months ... 95 00

The space occupied by ten lines of this ype (Nomparell) shall constitute a square.

Vol. 13, No. 24.

RAVENNA, O., THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1881.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRE

WHOLH No. 648.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRES

PUBLISHED BACH TRUESDAY, BY S. D. HARRIS & SON.

TRRES

If not paid in sdvanos,

Entered at the Post-office at Bavenna, Ohio s Second Claff matter.

PORTAGE CO. OFFICIAL REGISTER.

Common Pieas Judgs-Fera B Taylor, W. T.

Spear, Warren, Ohio

Bapresentative in Legislature-C R, Harmon,
Annora, Ohio.

Prodate Judge-Gideon Seymour, Ravenna, O.
County Clerk-John Meharg, Ravenna.
County Leatifor-William Grinnell, Ravenna.
County Treasurer-Nathan H. Smith, Ravenna.
Berry-B. F. Keiler, Ravenna.
Becorder-Philo Bierce, Ravenna.
Recorder-Philo Bierce, Ravenna.
Recorder-Pairs C. Nichols, Garrettsville,
Streetsboro, O., F. W.
Coffin, Ravenna, O.
County Surveyor-Jedediah Cole, Garretasville,
Coroner-Alfred B. Barlow, Rootstown, O.
School Beaminers-C. A. Reed, Ravenna; D. D.
Pickett, Ravenna; Cyrus
W. Turnbull, Edinburgh.
Mayors of Incorporated Villages.

Mayors of Incorporated Villages. Jarrettsville E. C. Smith. Test James Woodard Javenna George F. Robinson.

Rovenna—George F. Robinson.
Justices of the Peace.

Attentor—Sylvester A. Hinman, H. H. Woolf.
Autora—John L. Thompson, Worthy Paylor.
Brimfeld—J. L. Carrier, James Moulton.
Charlestown—Austin P. Curtiss, S. L. Morris,
Deerfeld—C. S. Tibbals, J. H. Hoffman.
Elinburgh—Geo. B. Merwin, John R. Giddings,
Franclin—Isaac Russell, Nelson Barbor, BenJamin F. Anderson.
Franclin—Eyman Byrant, Hunry C. Jennings.
Garreissvillo—Rollin S. Webb, H. N. Merwin.
Broan—Richard M. Hank, H. A. Dyson.
Menius—C. D. Ingell Horace Laid.
Menius—George Pricaard George E. Hedger.
Palmyrs—Win. W. Davis, John Dix, John RubInson

Paris - Richard Morris, Michael Jones.

Randolph - Lopher A. Davis, Walter J. Dickinzoa.

Randolph - Lopher A. Davis, Walter J. Dickinzoa.

Randolph - Lopher A. Davis, Walter J. Dickinzoa.

Randolph - Cornelius A. Reed, Stewart W. Roese,
Orion P. Sperra.

Roelstown - A. H. Barlow, J. W. Hall.

Shalarsellio - Almon L. Tomson, E. M. Crane.
Breetsbore - Wallace Root, C. W. Stuart.

Bullet - William Paulus, M. O. Martin
Windam - Egbert S. Woodworth, T. O. Angel

SOCIETIES. Culty Lodge, No. 12, F, and A. M. eis the second and fourth Mondays of each Tyrian Chapter, No. 91, R. A. M. Meets the third Monday of each mouch, is Masonic Hall, Phenix Block. GIDEON SEYMOUR, M. E. H. P.

Royal Arcanum. Meets first and third Fridays of every month, a Hall in Opera Block.
GIDEON SEYMOUR, Regent.
G. H. GRIFFIN, Sce'y.
L. O. O. F.—Ravenna Lodge, No. 65.

Meets every Wednesday evening at Odd Fel-lows' Hall. Moets every Jud and 4th Fridays of each month. Equity Lodge-No. 47, A. O. U. W. Meets second and fourth Fridays of every meath at Hall in Opera Block. J. DILLEMUTH, M. W. E. L. OSBORN, Recorder.

Fairons of Husbandry-RAVENNA GRANGS, No. 32-Meets every Saturday, Octo-ter II at 7 o'clock r. M., and on each alternate Saturday at 1:30 r. M., at Grango Hall. CHURCHES.

UNIVERSALIST - Rev. ANDREW WILLSON Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sueday School at 12:5 p. m. Paster's residence on Diamond street, first door Paster's residence on Diamond street, first door north of Maio.
CONGRESS TONAL - REV. A. M. Hills.
Pastor. Services on Sunday at 10,30 A. M., and 35 F. M. Sanday School at 12,15 F. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday Receing at 7,30.
MEI T. 1 F. RANDOLPH, Pastor.
Services on Sunday at 10,30 A. M., and 7,30 F. M. Sunday School at 12,15 F. M. Prayer Meeting to Thursday Evening at 7,30.
Listify Evening at 7,30.
Listify E. E. T. M. VANHORN, Pastor.
Services on Sunday at 10,30 A. M., and 7,30 F. M. Sunday School at 12,15 F. M. Prayer Meeting to Thursday Evening at 7,30.
Listify School at 12,15 F. M. Prayer Meeting the Taursday Evening at 7,30.
Listify School at 12,15 F. M. Prayer Meeting the Taursday Evening at 7,30.
Listify School at 12,15 F. M. Prayer Meeting the Taursday Evening at 7,30.
Listify Jos. D. Bowless Pastor. Services at 8 and U. Discoll at Lornate Sunday thereafter. Mass every week the property of the Periscop Al.—Cedar St.
Riv. A. J. Bookway, Rector. Services on Punday at 10,10 A. M. and Sabbath School immediately after service.
Danway at 10,10 A. M. and Sabbath School immediately after service.

Business Cards.

DAKWOOD CHAPEL Oakwood street. Rev

Eckert Pastor. Services Sunday eve-ning at 7:20 Union Sunday School at 3 o'clock p. m. each Sunday.

MISS L. C. JACKSON. MILLIMERY GOODS of all kinds, Opera OTARY PUBLIC, Manton, O. Con-veyancing, Collections and Pension Bust-promptly attended to on the most reason berms. 612-41.

PHELPS & DUSSEL,

TTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Frazer's Building. West Main St. avenna, O. Mr. Dussel speaks and writes the crunan and will be able to counsel in that ANSON W. BEMAN, Attorney at Law. Room 7, Rouse Block, (north-west corner of Superior Street and Public Square, over Carson's Clothing Store,)

DAY & CONANT.

Office in Phenix Block, over Richardson J. D. HORTON.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Raven-za, Onio. Office in Phenix Block, over Sec-end National Bank. May 6, 1859, 35-lv. F. E. HUTCHINS.

HUTCHINS & THOMAS, ttorneys at Law, Ravenna, Onio. Office in Empire Building. Mr. Hutchins will attend at all common Picas and District Courts in Portage County. 41-1y.

I. T. SIDDALL, Attorney at Law. Office in Phenix Block Raveana, Ohio 479 PETER FLATH.

Slothler and Merchant Tailor, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods. Poe's Building, Main Street, Eavenna, Okio. Oct. 15, 1868, Ly.

E. P. HATFIELD, ROCKWELL & HATFIELD, Office in Seymour's building, north side of Main street, Ravenna, Onlo. 169-tf. J. H. NICHOLS.

Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Office Hovember 20, 1872. ROCKWELL & NORRIS,

Attorneys at Law and RotaryPublic. Deuel Block, Kont, Ohio, Dec. 10, 1868, 1y.

A TTORNEY AT LAW and Notary Public. Office in Craft's Block, Mantus

E. W. MAXSON,

torney and Counselor at Law possesses superior facilities for making collections in all parts of the United States. Office over First National Bank, Garrettsville, Ohio. J. WAGGONER, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon, Office East end of Phenix Block, Eavenna, Ohio. March 77th. 1873 187-tf. C. L. BELDEN, DHESICIAN AND SURGEON.-Office in

Physician and Surgeon, SHALERSVILLE, OHIO.

Will attend to all calls in the line of his profes-sion, both day and night.

Office, one door East of Shalersville Exchange Botel. 418-17 C. H. GRIFFIN,

DENTIST. Office over First National Bank E. C. SWAIN,

ergical and Mechanical Dentist, opposite TOR PRINTING OF ALL KINDS

1881.

FURNITURE, QUEENSWARE, CHINA, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, TABLE

CUTLERY, Rogers & Brothers' Plated Knives, Forks and Spoons, NOVELTIES.

At No.8 Phenix Block. RAVENNA, OHIO.

We propose to make the business of 1881, at the old Furniture and Crockery stand, exceed that of any previous year—and to accomplish this, we know that our stock must be made full PRICES POPULAE.

and the interests of our customers well considered. We pledge curselves to these requisites and solicit a continuance of your patronage. All Necessaries for the Burial of the Dead Furnished on Short Notice and on the

TO THE PEOPLE!

Most Reasonable Terms. Considerate At-

tention Guarateed

[SUCCESSORS TO A. T. BALDWIN] DEALERS IN GENERAL.

WHIPS, SLEIGH BELLS, SLEIGH

> AND SLED SHOES, GUNS. REVOLVERS. GUN FIXTURES. CORN SHELLERS, FEED CUTTERS, HAND SLEDS, SKATES,

PABLE & POCKET CUTLERY THE CELEBRATED

Rogers Brothers' Plated Ware!

Our stock is complete, and we are bound not to be un-Portage County.

convinced that our store is the place at which to make the place at which the place a your purchases.

BALDWIN & WALLER. Ravenna, Dec. 2, 1880, 541-8m

IS IN RECEIPT OF HIS STOCK OF

people generally to call and inspect.

Ready Made Clothing, Hats, Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods,

And in the line of

Stormey at Law. Office over C. E. Poe's REMEMBER THE PLACE.

NEW STOCK

P. CLARK

Large and Carefully Selected Stock just the Black Friar of Norman' Stone of Boots, Shoes and Slippers of every descrip-All of the Best Quality

And Latest Styles. Those favoring me with their patronage, can rely upon obtaining good work at the lowest cash prices.

Please give me a call, and I will endeavor to make it mutually beneficial,

PCLARK First National Bank Building, Main St. The Two Glasses.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim.
On a rich man's table, rim to rim,
One was ruddy and red as blood.
And one was clear as the crystal flood. And one was clear as the crystal nood.

Said the glass of whee to the paiet brother,

"Let us tell the tales of the paist of each other;
I can tell of banquet, and revel, and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might.

From the heads of kings I have torn the crown. From the height of fame I have hurled men down I have blasted many an honored name, I have taken virtue and given shame; I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste. That has made his future a barren waste. Far greater than king am I,

Or any army beneath the sky.

I have made the arm of the driver fail, And sent the train from the Iron rail; I have made good ships go down at sea, And the shricks of the lost were sweet to me; For they said, 'Behold how great you be! Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall, And your power and might are over all. And your power and might are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother,"laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"
Said the water glass, 'I can not boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;
But I can tell of a heart once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad.
Of thirsts I've quenched and brows I've laved;
Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved;
I have leaped through the valley and dashed down
the mountain.

Flowed in the river and played in the fountain. Siept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky, And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye. I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain: I have made the parched meadow grow fertile with

I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill, 1 .at ground out the flour and turned at my will; I can tell of manhood debased by you, That I have lifted and crowned anew. I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid; I gladden the heart of man and maid; I set the chained wine-captive free, And all are better for knowing me." These are the tales they told each other, The glass of wine and the paler brother, As they sat together—filled to the brim, On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

"Curious, isn't it, how the old customers still hold their own? Here is the fashion of penance by pilgrimage still in vogue, with the additional ag-gravation of calling it 'traveling for pleasure.' " "Well, Edward," said a sweet voice,

"that's a very pretty compliment to us -your companions. I think I ought to make you do penance for that."
"That's right, Miss Wentworth; keep him in order," chimed in a third peaker. "However, going abroad has his one advantage for us English, that speaker. there we can sometimes venture to seem amused without thereby committing the seven deadly sins in one."
Such was the chat which passed

among the group of four-two ladies speaker was a fine looking young man of three-and-twenty, whose comely fea-tures, dark curling hair, and tall, well tures, dark curling hair, and tall, well shaped figure, amply bore out the name of "Handsome Ned," given him by his intimates. Young, rich, good-looking, popular with high and low, in the plentitude of health and vigor, lately betrothed to the charming girl whose soft instrous eyes were watching him half tenderly, half archiy, from the other side of the board—Viscount Montague might fairly account himself an extremely lucky young fellow. But upon that bright young face, firm and manly that bright young face, firm and manly as it was, brooded the doomed look which haunts one in the portraits of Montrose, of Claverhouse, of Charles I dersold by any other house in Portage County.

-ominously bearing out the gloomy tradition current among the elders of his native country, that "the last of the Montagues" was so in a double sense, Come and see us, and be and that with him the grand old line

ate, Sedley Burdett, whose square, muscular figure, and frank sunburnt face, looked the very embodiment of young England at its best. Side by side, the two young men had shot buffaloes on American prairies, stalked through Canadian forests, 'bowled over" royal tigers in Bengal, and hobnobbed with negro kings on the coast of Africa, and they were now faute de mieux, escorting the Flower of Kent," and her mother on the inevitable tour through Switzerland, not without a secret hope that some unscaled moun-tain might afford them a chance of breaking their necks in the good old

British way. "Did you see how old Johann eyed me as he brought in the lunch?" said Montague. "He's evidently a devout believer in the Continental creed, that an Englishman's natural pastime is to knock somebody down, or set a house

on fire, or make a heavy bet that he'll jump headforemost out of the window, and then do it forthwith."

"Aye," laughed Burdett, "just what Dr. Buchmann said to me yesterday: Mein Herr, those countrymen of yours! When I was practicing in Saxony, I had no peace for them! First thing in the morning, kling! kling! at my door. 'What is it?' 'An Englander, who has broken his leg in trying to scale the Teufels-horn, which no one ever ascended yet.' I set the Herr Englander's leg, and am making him com-fortable, when kling! kling! again.
'What now?' 'An Englander, nearly drowned in swimming across the Elbe for a wager.' I wrap the Herr Eng-lander in hot blankets, and bring him to. Before half an hour is over, kling! kling! once more. 'Mein Herr, what's the matter?' 'An Englander, who has broken a blood-vessel in trying to run twelve miles an hour, because somebody said he couldn't.' Mein Herr, I am sorry to have to say it, but your country-men are equally devoid of fear and of

horrible things now, Edward," said Marion Wentworth, entreatingly; "you promised to be more careful, you know, while you were with us."

"Don't be frightened, my child," answered the viscount, with his gay augh; "believe me, I have no intention of being killed any sooner than is necessary. Would you believe it, Sed? this unreasonable young woman is making herself miserable, and daily expecting a notification to attend my funeral, on no better grounds than an old monk's

"An old Monk's prophecy?" echoed Burdett, inquiringly. "What, haven't you heard of it?" to find one man to whom that story's new. You must know, then (as those fellows in 'Sanford and Merton' keep saying), that the estate which Harry the Eighth bestowed upon my respected true. But after they were expelled, it began to be whispered that one monk still remained in the old walls, and that he was not to be driven out by either king or lord." "My word!" cried Burdett; "that's

over again. Do you remember with what dramatic energy our old tutor used to repeat that verse-

"'Beware, beware of the Black Friar!
He still retains his sway,
For he is still the Church's heir,
Whoeler may be the lay,
Amundeville is lord by day,
But the monk is lord by night;
Nor wine nor wassail can raise a vassal
To question that friar's right.'" "Well," pursued Montague, "when my worthy forefather came into his

property, the first thing he did was to a bow. Rocks, trees, houses seemed give a big dinner in the great hall of racing past on either side. No need to Battle Abbey (if he found it half as strain at the oars now! all that could be tiresome as the dinner I had to give | done with them was to keep the boat's when I came of age, the impiety must have been its own avenger), and they lighted up the old place with a perfect lighted up the old place with a perfect current which seeme blaze of torches, and held high revel away an entire city. till midnight. And then, all of a sud-

banners and mail-coats along the walls one boiling whirl of foam, and the boat clank and rustle; and the huge door was flung to and fro, and dashed up swung slowly open, and in the midst of and down, amid an uproar that seemed the guests, no one could see whence or how, appeared the shrouded figure of a moment life and death seemed to hang tall monk. It glided like a shadow up to the dais where my ancestors was seated, and said, in a deep hollow voice that seemed to make the very torches | rated the first fall from the worse peril

ments are upon thee and thine. As snow melts in the sunshine, so shall thy race decay, until the end come; and it by a cry of dismay from the shore, and shall come suddenly, in one day, by fire the two oarsmen, looking up, beheld and by water!" " It was strange enough to note how toward the edge of the high bank that

of doom on his handsome face came out tagne turned his face toward her, and The anxious look in Marion Wentworth's eyes grew into absolute terror as he ended; and she seemed about to branded forever on the memory of those speak when the waiter's entrance with | who saw it. The stern black rocks on a dish of fruit interrupted her.

"Waiter! when did you say the night illumination of the falls was to be?" "Thursday week, gracious, lady; but it will hardly be so good as the one we had last year, when they sent a big boat over the falls, hung all round with "Was there anybody in her?" asked

Montague.

"What do you say, milord?" gasped the old man, with a stare of blank amazement.

"Was there anybody in the boat?"

"The boat, Milord? The boat went over the falls, I tell you!"

"Well, why shouldn't somebody go

"Well, why shouldn't somebody go

"These were the last words that Viscount Montague ever spoke. That

with her to keep her straight?"
"Why?" echoed Johann, goaded beyond endurance. "Because we Rhinelanders are no fonder of being drowned than other people. I've seen many a of the current threw its exposed side silly thing done in my time, but a man full against the tremendous rush of the shooting the Schaffhausen Falls in a cataract. One frantic struggle to reboat is a thing I've never seen yet and gain the lost ground, and then boat and never shall. The sudden gleam in Montague's dark the roaring abyss below.

eye and the glow on his handsome features sufficiently betrayed the wild and two gentlemen—seated at lunch on the balcony of the Hotel du Rhin, at Schaffhausen, one sunny afternoon in the latter part of May. The first glance exchanged between him and succept, I fixed finding some willing to accept, I fixed finding some will up as well as I could, and I rubbed the garlie under his wings and all around his head. Burdett showed that the same idea was in the minds of both, though the latter accompanied his look with a warning gesture, reminding the reckless viscount of the effect which the words that were just about to break from his lips would have upon the two ladies. But when they had retired, Montague could contain himself no longer.
"Glorious idea! We'll do it-ch

"Do it? I should think we would! After the 'Gucule d'Enfer' Rapids in Canada, this thing'll be a joke! 'Never seen it yet, and never shall,' ch? We'l give Mr. Johann another story to tell o-morrow, one that'll last longer than any of his present stock.' Our two heroes were not the men to loiter over any enterprise, however desperate, upon which they had once

resolved, and they lost not a moment in etting out in quest of a boat. But to find one was no easy matter. Some were unseaworthy; others failed to please the critical eye of Sedley Burdett, who, with all his recklessness, knew better than to leave any chance uncared for in a match where life itself was at stake. More than one conscientious native, on learning the nature of the proposed expedition, flatly refused to have anything to do with it, nor was it till late in the afternoon that they at length met with a less scrupulous individual, who, on receiving the full value of his boat in advance, and a handsome gratuity for the use of her, consented to let the "English madmen" have their way. He agreed to leave the boat

in readiness at a convenient spot, and then took his leave.
It was considerably past eleven o'clock that night, and Burdett, mindful of the tough work that awaited him next morning, was preparing for bed, when Montague (who slept in the next room) burst in, with a flush of unusual

excitement on his face. "Sed, old fellow, we must alter our time of starting. Those meddlesome asses, the local authorities, are going to put a spoke in our wheel!' "Do you mean that they'll try to stop

us?" asked Burdett, with the natural amazement of an Englishman at any one presuming to oppose his will.
"I do, indeed! That prating fool of a boatsman (see if I don't punch his head when it's all over!) must have let the cat out of the bag; for as I came through the hall just now, I heard the landlady say to her husband: Ought we to let them go? It's really no better than a suicide! and the old sinner answered with a chuckle: 'Be easy, my Gretchen-when these young distracted ones get to their boat, they will find it in charge of certain Gerichts-Diener (policemen) who are less foolish than they, and no harm will be done!"

"Just like their confounded cheek!" cried Burdett. "What shall we do "Do? Why, set the alarm clock two hours earlier (I'm safe to hear it where I am) and start at four instead of six; and we'll just meet the 'minions of the law' on our way back to breakfast, and a jolly sell it'll be for them! My word, every mortal thing seems to have con-spired against this venture of ours; but I'll go through with it, no matter who

stands in my way!" For one moment a thrill of superstitious awe shot through the stout heart of Sedley Burdett. Could it be that these countless hindranees were really a last barrier vainly opposed to the fatal mpulse which was hurrying them both to destruction. The unnatural excitement of his comrade's manner, the feverish luster of his eyes, the heated flush in his usually pale face, were all terribly suggestive of one goaded to his doom by some irresistible frenzy—flash-ing upon Burdett's mind with ghastly vividness, the sudden memory of a longforgotten painting of the young German knight lured to his death in the hungry waters of the Rhine by the siren-song of the Lorelei. He opened his lips to Difference in Empire Building: Residence on King Property Building: Residence on King Battle Abbey and the lands belonging to it; and mighty short work he made of the poor old monks, if all tales be land many withered the wholesome imforever. Morning at last-a bright, breezy,

glorious summer morning, over which all things in earth and heaven seemed to rejoice. The blue skies, the waving woods, the green sunny slopes, the broad bright stream of the great river itself, all seemed to smile a welcome to the eyes that might so soon be closed forever. Even the two English athletes admiration: "What a royal day!"

Suddenly there came a dizzy plunge den, a chill blast of wind came moaning | —a shock that threw both men from through the hall, making all the old their places—and then all around was was flung to and fro, and dashed up by a hair; and then the two daring men found themselves floating on the little border-line of calm water that sepa-

grow pale as it spoke:

"Anthony of Cowdray! thou hast enriched thyself with the spoils of God's Church, and for that deed His judg-ments are upon thee and thine. As ments are upon thee and thine. As ments are upon the same training that the spoils of the second.

"Hurrah!" shouted Montague, gleefully; "who says it can't be done now? Keep her head straight, Sed. my boy, and we'll come out all right yet." The triumphant cheer was answered Marion Wentworth rushing distractedly Montague's light tone deepened into tragic solemnity as the dismal tale proceeded, and how the shadowy impress sound of his betrothed's voice, Moneither hand, flecked with living green As he entered, Mrs. Wentworth, evidently wishing to change the subject, spoke to him.

ether hand, hecked with thing granger by the shrubs that clung to their craggy sides; the vast hill of leaping foam, half way down which the frail boat hovered like a leaf; the rainbow-arch that spanned the black howling gulf bethe two gallant lads, straining every nerve to achieve their perilous task; the handsome, reckless face of the "last

> count Montague ever spoke. That momentary negligence had allowed the boat's head to deviate slightly from the direct line, and in an instant the whirl

men vanished forever into the midst of From that fatal hour, life was over Neither the tender care of her heartbroken mother, nor even the sight of her dead lover's ruined home (the burning of which, on the very day of its master's death, fulfilled, by a sheer coincidence,—the dismal prediction) availed aught to break that deadly lethargy which endured for the brief remainder of her life, checkered only by the spasms of convulsive agony invariably produced by the one sound which her ear still had power to recog-

nize—the sound of rushing waters. This Story Takes The Cake. Here I met Captain Wood, who has been in a whale's mouth. After edging carefully toward the matter, a friend induced him to tell about it-probably for the ten thousandth time.

"Yes, I was standing in the bow of the boat, with the iron in my hand," said he, "looking around for his majesty, for I thought we had given him his death blow. Suddenly, up he came right ahead of me, and he struck the boat underneath with his prolonged jaw, knocking it out from under me, and I fell straight over into his mouth." "What did you think then?" asked a listener, as the captain paused.

"Thought I was a goner," answered the captain, "especially when he shut his mouth on me. But he was, fortunately, in the agonies of death, too worried to think of me, and after giving me one savage crunch, he blowed me out of his mouth, covered with blood. I at once struck out for the boat."
"And when they picked him up they
thought he was killed," said another captain; "though, after a good while, he recovered, with the ugly wounds that you see." There was a scar some

inches long across Captain Wood's scalp, and a great lump on his side was visible under his coat. "What did you think when you were in his mouth, and knew where you were?" asked another bystander. "Thought he'd yield about eight bar rel," said Captain Wood, turning over his quid and calmly firing at the box of sawdust.—Nantucket Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

A Proof of His Innocence.

At one of the sessional divisions of Dorsetshire, England, a certain wellknown tradesman was summoned for 'killing and taking' a pheasant. He was defended by the George Lewis of the neighborhood and acquitted, the magistrate remarking that it was discontinuous to the properties of the second the man and the second the man article to the second the man article that the second graceful to subject a respectable man to such a prosecution. So delighted was the defendant at the result that he insisted on his advocate dining with him. In due course a pheasant was put on the table, and it was pronounced be a most excellent bird. "Yes," said the host, "this is the bird that it has been clearly proved to-day I did not kill or take.

. English Coffee Taverns. Statements which are made at the recent annual meeting of the Coffee Tavern Company, in London, show that this movement for providing the work-ing classes with innocent and healthful places of resort, is proving a very great success. The operations of the society during the year have more than doub-led. Eight new houses have been opened, and music licenses have been applied for by eleven of the taverns, and granted to five. In an address at the meeting, Lord Derby remarked that a coffee-house company had been set up in Liverpool within the last two or three years, and that a few months ago, thinking to give it a "lift," he determined to buy some of the shares, but discovered, to his surprise, that there were none to be had. The enterprise, which was started with a benevolent purpose, had become not only self-sustaining but profitable, and the shares stood at a high premium. At Manchester and some other places, there had been a similar success. Lord Derby expressed his opinion that people should have their choice as to what they would drink; but, hitherto, there had been but very few places where a man could get a cheap cup of anything but that which would make him drunk, and the workingman usually has had to drink beer or go thirsty. The coffee tayerns gratify the social instinct and afford pleasant places of resort, and the extent to which their patronage has de-

veloped shows how much they were needed. - Boston Journal. absorbed as they were in their perilous enterprise, felt the influence of the hour, and muttered with involuntary 10 uniningus out mut squip ospulations of the hour, and muttered with involuntary 10 uniningus out mut squip ospulations of the hour. mended by Dr. Comegys for the sno-cessful treatment of scintien; and he One vigorous stroke sent the light boat far out into the swift, dark current down which it shot like an arrow from the special succession of successions and successions of successions of

How a Rooster Was Conquered. To illustrate what he meant by the phrase "garlicking a stock," a New York broker told the following story: t was during the flush times 1850. I was a pretty sick man in San Francisco, and the doctor ordered me up the country for a change of air. Tom

Jenkins was then running a ranch among the hills, and as he and I were old friends, I resolved to pay him a visit. Tom had a fine barn-yard of fowis, and among them was a great game cock. He was as big as an ostrich, but game to the backbone. Well, there wasn't a rooster in the whole countryside that he hadn't tackled and got away with. Tom had tried all he knew to keep him quiet. He had locked him up in houses, and tethered him by the leg, and half starved him, but it was of no use; as soon as he heard another rooster crow, that moment he was off at full speed, and never stopped until he had licked him. Well, when I ar-rived at Tom's ranch he had built a big cage, and inside sat the rooster, looking very melancholy, while Tom told me the whole story. He would gladly give \$1,000 to any one who would find a cock that could lick his chicken, but at

the same time he did not believe that there was a bird in all California that could do it. Now, I had heard from an old chicken fighter that if a little garlic was rub-bed on the head and under the wings of a game cock; no other rooster would attack him; so I asked Tom what odds he would lay me that I did not get a rooster next day which would defeat his famous bird. Tom at once offered to lay ten to one, and we put up a considerable sum on the event. I took Tom's buggy and drove down to the town, where there was a poultry mar-ket. There were lots of roosters of all kinds and breeds, but nothing very gamy looking. At last I struck a sporting-looking poulterer, who said that he had an aged game rooster whose father and mother he had known, and who he was sure would show fight. He was old and dilapidated-looking, but he was the best I could find, so I closed the

bargain for one dollar. Then I bought a clove of garlic, and drove back with

my purchase to the ranch. Next day Tom had asked all his friends to see the fight, and Mrs, Jenkins had filled the windows of the house with the ladies of the neighborhood, all anxious to see Tom's rooster get away with the stranger. The amount wagered by us was large, and the whole county, then sparsely inhabited, turned out en masse, the majority knowing the superior fighting of Tom's rooster, offering immense odds on the fowl, and as usual was to take place there stood the great game cock, looking more like a Cochin China, and strutting round looking for something to lick. I kept my bird in a bag until the last moment, and as soon as time was called I took him out blinking in the strong sunlight. He look round for a moment, rubbed his bill once or twice on the ground as if sharpening it, rais-ed his wings to see if the joints were stiff, and made at once for his gigantic opponent. Tom's rooster took two or three jumps in the air, poised his head so as to take good aim, and flew right at the stranger; but the instant he smelled the garlic that rooster turned

and fled like a yellow dog with his tail between his legs.

Mrs. Jenkins almost fainted, and there was a good deal of profanity among the male spectators, who had lost on the home bird. The last thing I saw of that rooster was his tail, as he crossed a bluff near by, with Tom in full chase after him with a double-barreled shotgun, swearing that he would never allow any thing to be beaten on

his ranch and escape alive Cologne's Cathedral.

It is finished. The grand Gothic pile

Boston Post.

which in inception, in promise and in construction, has stood in the focus of religious and national interest for twenty generations, has at last reached completion, has been distinguished by the ceremony of dedication, and now takes its place as one of the most mag-nitioent monuments of history. We have already called attention to the rise and progress of this lordly and impos-ing edifice. For more than six hundred years it has been one of the leading features of the city of Cologne, and the question has ever been not when would this massive structure surrender to time and decay, but when would time and enterprise of quickened thought and purpose carry to completion this work so nobly planned? Its prospects have indeed looked dark at times, as dark as the ages through which its towering heights have stood; but its fortunes rose with the barometer of progress and enlightenment, and it stands to-day in its grandeur the finest specimen of Gothic architecture upon the footstool, and a triumph of the artistic ideas of the past. When it was planned the reformation was in the remote future, an agitation undreamed of. The trans-forming influence of that religious revolution upon the thought of Germany has given to this work a character very different from that which lay in the minds of its pious founders. The total absence of the Catholic clergy at the dedication is proof enough of that. Whether this absence was due to the wish of the German Emperor, or to the preferences of the clergy themselves, we can not tell; but, in either event, it is to be regretted. Even tradition should have had more honor paid it, and should have had more nonor purpose evident, as well as recorded, purpose platform broad enough for the representatives of a Catholic and conservative church and a Protestant state to meet upon in dignified commemoration of the great events of the past and hopeful dedication to the good of the future. The German Emperor wished to make it the seal of a united Germany, but his national spirit was evidently warped and fettered by his prejudices. The glory of empire is far more to him than the consistency of history. He has discarded the past, and has refused recognition of all the significant eras in the progress of this monument, except so far as it reflects German enterprise at the present time. We are glad that the world has such a monument and such a historical shrine, and, whatever Kaiser Wilhelm may think, it will mean much more to the visiting hosts of all nations than the glory and consequence of his imperial majesty.

the religious bodies. The manu of the well-known Chortreuse liqueur, which has been for such a long time carried on in the monastery of that name, is now to be transferred to the town of Romont, in the canton of Fribourg, where a considerable piece of land has been purchased near the railway,

Giving a Flavor to Meat.

From Land and Water.

The following amusing story, told me

by the late Bransley Cooper, was after-ward published in the life of his distinguished uncle, Sir Astley Cooper. It is stated that upon one occasion of the Athlete Club meeting at Mr. Coleman's, at the Veterinary College, he promised Mr. Norris, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, who was a great gourmand, that he would give him a joint of beef from Markham's and ordered a fine sirloin to be sent on the appointed day. The party met, the promised beef soon made its appearance. The host cut for his friend Norris one of the primest-slices, and soon, in exultation, inquired if it were not to his heart's content. To this Mr Norris replied, "The beef is good beef, but it is not my friend Markham's." "Pooh! Pooh!" said Mr. Coleman: "I'll swear it is, Norris, for I called myself at his shop and ordered it, and this morning had it delivered at my house by his own man; but I may be wrong, Norris; how-ever, to decide the matter, if you please, I'll lay you a bet of a dinner for the

I'll lay you a bet of a dinner for the marty that it is Markham's beef."

The butcher was sent for. Coleman put the question: "Mr. Markham, all I have to ask of you is, was the beef your man left here this morning your own meat?" "No sir," said he "it was not. I have to make a thousand apologies; for although you yourself gave me the order ten days ago, I never thought of it till I looked in my book. hought of it till I looked in my book this morning, when I knew I had nothing in my shop that would answer the purpose. I therefore myself went to every butcher in the market and picked out the finest piece I could find, and I hoped it would prove satisfactory; but the beef is not mine." Norris laughed heartily at the successful display of his gastronomic faculties, and the whole party joined in the fun against Coleman who was generally so sagacious in his-bets as to make it quite a novelty when he lost. The secret is this: Markham was in the habit of buying stock much older then butchers usually buy for certain of his most peculiar customers, and afterwards feeding it himself in some peculiar manner before bringing it to the slaughter-house. So superior to that of any man of his day was his beef considered, that many persons, of whom Mr. Norris was one, would pay the

most exorbitant prices for meat to be supplied by him. Mr. Norris was the grandfather of Lord Penzance and several of the Wilde family. Life In New Mexico. A correspondent of the New York Tribune writes: The native Mexican population of New Mexico partakes more of the character of its Indian than of its Spanish ancestry. The Pueblos, who have probably changed as little as who have lived in constant contact with European civilization, although that civilization has been of a rude kin 4, taught the Spaniards, with whom there women intermarried, how to build muc houses and the art of irrigating the arid fields, while the latter in return gave to Indians their language and religion; and the two people have, for the last 200 years, lived side by side, pursuing substantially the same occupations, and occasionally at war with each other, until about forty years ago, remaining dis-tinct in spite of their frequent inter-

turies ago, although they have, in the meantime, furnished wives for generations of Spaniards and Mexicans. I presume that there is no town in the United States, certainly none of equal size of Santa Fe, in the streets of which as many Indians may be seen every day in the week as in this. The Pueblos have not adopted European costumes, but still dress in blankets and leggings, with bright-colored handker-chiefs tied about their heads. They live chiefly by agriculture and stock-raising, and contribute not a little to the supply of the city with meat, fruit, and vegetables. It is a daily occurrence for Pueblo Indians to come to Sante Fe from a distance of twenty or thirty miles, bringing a quarter of a beef, a dressed sheep, a hundred pounds of "kitchen-garden sauce," fire-wood, apples, peaches, or grapes, or a few pieces of Indian pottery upon their borros. They peddle their wares about the streets and drive very sharp bargains with their customers. As a rule they look as intelligent as the Mexicans, and some of the latter could not be distin-guished from them if they did not wear the garments of civilization. I have seen some startlingly strong faces among the Indians—faces upon which

the lines denoting character are very deeply drawn, and faces that would ar-rest attention wherever they might be The Pueblo Indians, although not as numerous as when this country was discovered, are not, I believe, dying out. What the effect of the building of railroads and the introduction of Amercan civilization may be, no one can tell. The ruins of their former cities are frequently stumbled upon as one travels over the country, and it is by no means uncommon to find, far from any present settlements, mounds that seem to be almost entirely composed of the fragments of ancient Indian pottery. At San Marco Spring, about twenty miles south of Santa Fe, there are some of these mounds, in which every spadeful of earth that is turned up contains half a dozen such relics, and a friend who was walking over them with me the other day, found a fragment of an old bell as large as a man's hand, upon which remained some of the ornamentation cast upon it as sharp in outline as though it had only yesterday came from the mould. We also saw the foundations of the old corrals, and gathered many fragments of pottery, the character of which is entirely different from that now made. It may be that an Indian village has existed on the spot since the Spanish reconquest in 1692, and that the bell of which we found a fragment was once upon a Pueblo church or chapel. The more probable theory, we thought, if the ancient character of the pottery picked up near it is established, is that the bell was taken from one of the Spanish towns after the Indian revolt of 1680; for history re-cords that the Pueblos at that time destroved the churches and carried away and broke up the bells, and it may be that the Indian town itself was torn down when the Spanish returned, or in some subsequent war. Toronto Fences.

The Toronto Globe says that there An industry of considerable value and interest has just been lost to France by the action of the authorities in expelling the action of t must be to Toronto 100 miles of streets restraining influence upon the horde of young barbarians who prowl about seeking for mischief to commit. Probably few people have any idea of the amount of money which is wasted in these fences. Assuming that we have 100 miles of street so adorned, this makes 1,056,000 feet of front fence; and taking the lots to be of an average width of 30 feet; and the houses as standing The recent marriage of an aged con-servative statesman in England is a cu-at an average distance of 10 feet from rious story. He fell in love with the the street line we have another 286,000 daughter of a country gentleman. The lady was a widow. The relatives of the statesman declared that they would not 1,342,000 feet of front fence. There is

fences cost 20 cents a square yard of their surface, representing another investment of at least \$270,000. The extreme average life of the fencing is 15 years, and during that time the painting must be renewed at least twice, or if the owner have any pretension to tidiness, four times. These figures, which are by no means overstated, will give some idea of the amount of money that is thrown away in fences. When it is considered, too, that 999 of the gates belonging to these fences are woeful failures against the casual dog; that they either will not shut or else will not stay shut; that if they do shut they shut with such a bang the paterfamilies is always on thorns for fear his children's fingers or his dog's tail should be sacrificed; and even as the interposing medium between procrastinating "spoons," the front gate is really nothing but a nuisance, deriving all its pleasant memories from as-sociations only; it will be seen that the case to be made out against front fences and their concomitant gates is simply crushing. They have, in fact, only the one little redeeming point previously indicated, namely, that the young cub of the human species has apparently been born with a respect for a fence which is in realty no barrier whatever, but only the symbol of a barrier—the survival in fact of the moat, drawbridge and portcullis, which were once the pre-requisites of a sound night's sleep.

A Libel Suit Avoided.

Jim Webster appeared before a Galveston justice of the peace, yesterday, and expressed his ardent desire to sue old Uncle Mose for damages. "What amount of damages have you sustained?" asked the justice, "Dar is what I jess wanted to hold a caucus wid you about. I wanted to know, in de fust place, ef dat was a fac' dat de greater de troof de greater de libel, and moah excessive de damages de injured party was entitled to?" "Yes, I believe that is the law." "Den in dat case ole Mose has got to shell out foah million dollars before sun-down, because, yer see, when he allowed I was de most reskelly niggab on Galvaston island, he reskelly niggah on Galveston island, he was guilty of telling so much troof dat foah millions ain't half as big as de libel, and de damages is bound to cor-respond wid de injuriousness." The matter was arranged, without prejudice to the honor of either party, by old Mose shelling out four bits' worth of sweet potatoes and a fine gold chronometer that cost \$2 at auction that cost \$2 at auction.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons on American Dress. "I like the American people very much. When I am in England I am fairly set upon for speaking in such high praise of American women. I have traveled all over the United States for eleven years, and known all phases of society. The women here are very much better informed than the English certain grace and ease, what the French certain grace and ease, what the French call chic, that you will not find even in the highest English society. A servant girl here will dress herself and tie on her veil in a graceful, natty way that an English Duchess knows nothing about. I remember once when in London I went out on the street with my veil tied on as you wear them here, for I have picked up many of these American ways myself, and one of the little street boys noticed it and said, as he looked up into my face: 'O, I'm from Paris, I am.' 'No,' I answered him; 'I'm as much marriages. The people of the Indian

London as you are; only I know how to wear my veil."

towns, apparently, are to-day as pure-blooded as their ancestors of two cen-Shut the Door. The education of our youth is sadly neglected in one direction, and that is in closing and fastening doors after them. Careful observation has satisfied us there is no use of trying to teach some people that accomplishment. It appears to be a natural and, probably, an inherited inability, just as with some people there is no such thing as know-ing one tune from another, as with others it is impossible to acquire facility and handiness in the use of tools. Modern ingenuity has tasked itself to make up to a suffering world for the incapacity or negligence of people who never close a door by the application of weights or springs that will automatically do what every man, woman and child ought to do instinctively. But these appliances themselves shirk their duties; and they are not susceptible of

universal application.

There ought to be a thorough course of instruction in our schools in the art of shutting doors. The first lesson would inculcate the elemental and simple duty itself. Boys and girls should be kept passing a doorway, each one opening and closing the door for himself and herself until not a mother's converted them, could have a son or daughter of them could leave a door ajar. Then the finer features of the accomplishment might be introduced. There are people who always slam a door; there are others who hold it open and close it so slowly that a whole procession of diseases, including colds in the head, catarrh, sore throat, diphtheria, inflammation of the lungs and the epizootic can march through,

and the mercury of the thermometer has time to get down into his boots. But without becoming too fastidious it is important that every one should be taught to close the door and fasten it in some way. The amount of time a professional man spends, and the dis-tance he travels in his office, in jumping up and closing the door after people who neglect that duty would astonish one who had never given the matter thought. Be kind enough to shut that

Great Works in Olden Times' Wendell Phillips thinks the ancients attained perfection in some arts, the knowledge of which has been lost in our time. It is certain that those most familiar with steam-power and modern machinery are puzzled to explain how the grand structures of the ancient world were erected, Builders say that no modern contractor could erect the great pyramid in Egypt, and lift the gigantic stones at the summit to the height of four hundred and fifty feet.

A recent visitor to Baalbee, and the ruins of the great temple of Baal, doubts if any modern architect could rebuild the temple in its ancient grandeur. Three huge stones, sixty-four feet long. thirteen high, and thirteen wide, stand in a wall at the height of twenty feet. Nine other stones, thirty feet long, ten, high, and ten wide, are joined together with such nicety that a trained eye can

not discover the line of juncture.

A column still stands in the quarry, a mile distant, which is completed, with the exception that it is not detached at the bottom. It is sixty-nine feet long, seventeen high, and fourteen broad, and one can not understand how it can be separated at the bottom from the quarry without breaking. The ruins of is vast temple inspire genius of former ages.

Lewis Rockwell was supported by his relatives at Honesdale, Pa, until he was 100 years old; and then, deeming his longevity unreasonable, they turned him over to the poormaster. He is now 102.

Leopold von Ranke, the historian of the popes of Rome, not satisfied with having given to the world nearly as many volumes as he has years—and the illustrious chronicler is older than the German emperor-is busily engaged in receive her, so she wrote one day to tell him that she had married a gentleman whose age was more suitable to her. Nothing daunted, the statesman has now married the ristor.

1,342,000 feet of front fence. There is no use of this fencing that cost a greater sum than 40 cents a foot than less. Taking the lost sum of 50 cents a foot as its first cost our front fences stand us in the sum \$671,000. The painting of the